

*The Dublin Swan yeilds most Delicious Food,
For Vipers who wou'd suck the Churches Blood.*



THE
R. Irish HIEROGLYPHICK: ⁴⁷ ₂₉ ^{816 m 19.}
OR, A
DIALOGUE
Between a Reverend Rattle-Snake, and a
Dublin Swan.

Swan. SIR, Will you give me leave to ask you a Civil Question or Two, for by your Appearance you seem a Stranger to this Country?

Sn. With all my Heart, Sir.

Swan. Of what Species or Country are you?

Sn. I am a Native of *Italy*, spawn'd by the Inquisition, but lineally descended from that Illustrious Serpent that had the Glory to seduce the first Created Mortal.

Swan. None can boast a more Noble Descent believe me; and by the warmth of your Expressions one may easily presume that you do not deviate from those Heroick Principles which made your Progenitor so Infamously Famous.

Sn. Deviate! Not in the Minutest Circumstance if it was possible I wou'd excel all that have gone before me.

Swan. Nobly resolved! But pray why do wear that Mark of Distinction on your Forehead?

Sn. 'Tis a Badge of Honour conferr'd by the Consistory as the Reward of former Industry. Besides, 'tis a proper disguise to deceive the Unthinking Multitude.

Swan. On what Expedition may you be going then?

Sn. To promote the Interest of our Illustrious Order.

Swan. In what Particulars pray?

Sn. To speak Evil of Dignities, affront my Superiors, and sow Sedition between the late United *Britains*.

Swan. A Glorious Employment truly: Is it so easie to affront Dignities in that kingdom with Impunity?

Sn. Nothing more easie: One may abuse the greatest Person in the Nation in his own Palace without Punishment. They have not Spirit to resent an Injury.

Swan. How strangely one may be deceived! But pray what are the Qualifications necessary for such an Enterprize?

Sn. Ignorance, Irreligion, Contempt of Dignity, and an *Irish* Assurance.

Swan. Then I believe, Sir, you are very well provided.

Sn. I have taken some Pains to furnish my self; but I am a little in haste at present. Adieu.

Swan. Sir, Your Slave.